

# OUR DUMB Animals



A PAIR OF "SLICK CHICKS"



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**MANUSCRIPTS** relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

**PHOTOGRAPHS** should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

**VERSE** about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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## *Kindness Week—1954*

*K*INDNESS Week this year (April 25-May 1) should have a special significance for all Americans. Never before has there been so much need for the message of Kindness, Justice and Good Will—the essence of the Kindness Week observance.

President William DeWitt Hyde, of Bowdoin College, once said, “Kindness recognizes the bond of the kind, or kinship, as far as it extends. Kindness to animals does not go so far as kindness to our fellow men; because the kinship between animals and man does not extend as far as kinship between man and man. So far as it does extend, however, kindness to animals treats them as we should wish to be treated by a person who had us in his power.”

The late President of our Society, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, in his book, “The Humane Idea,” summed up the whole issue when he said, “Personally, I must frankly say, in the face of the misery, agony, the unrequited, patient toil that make up so much of the lives of my lowlier fellow-creatures, that unless somehow, somewhere, I believed there was for these, my humble brethren in the universal kinship of life, an evening of the scales that deal with the great realities of right and wrong, my moral nature could never be at peace.”

The humane movement in America will have a rare opportunity, during the next few years, to help in swaying world thinking toward kindness, justice and fair play. We hope it will seize the opportunity and meet the challenge with a long-range view toward a better world for animals, as well as men.

E. H. H.

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Because of new publication problems we are forced, from now on, to close our current subscription lists on the first day of each month. Despite the inconvenience this may cause in some cases where a subscriber may wish a subscription to start immediately, this new method will, in the long run, serve to do away with mistakes which occur when last minute orders are issued to our printers.

Here are a few examples of how this new method will work. If a subscription is received by us any day in May, the subscription will automatically start with our July issue. Or, any subscription received on any day in June will start with our August issue.

In other words, subscribers should allow two months, to be on the safe side, from the time subscriptions are sent in. In many cases, of course, where a subscription is received during the last few days of a month, it will only take a month before the first copy is sent out.

This new procedure will, of course, have no effect on renewals of subscriptions when received before they lapse as these are already in the addressing files and will continue without any break.

We ask the indulgence of our subscribers in this new system and promise the same cooperation we have always tried to give to our readers.

## Animal Weather Prophets

**C**AN animals foretell the weather? Here are a number of observations which attribute such ability to them. Grasshoppers usually stop singing as soon as bad weather approaches. When fish swim near the surface of the water and jump out frequently, there will be a storm. When you see crows perched on the top of trees and chattering softly to themselves, fine weather may be expected. When swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected. But when they fly low or close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. When you see hens roll in the dust and go to roost later than usual, bad weather is brewing. There is a threat of bad weather when cats begin to lick their hair carefully as if making ready to receive a visitor.

— Alan A. Brown

## Curious Dog Beliefs

By Jasper B. Sinclair

**D**OGS are not all subject to superstition. But people in many lands have held some curious beliefs of one sort or another in relation to our canine friends. They have not always been considered "man's best friend."

On the island of Java, the red dog was long an object of respect and admiration. Each family had to have one to insure a contented and prosperous household. If a properly colored dog was not obtainable, wooden images, painted a bright shade of red, were used in their stead.

In New Guinea, dogs' teeth were fashioned into good luck charms and amulets. The dusky-skinned village belle who wore a necklace of dog's teeth could be assured of lifelong happiness and prosperity. At least, that's what the superstitious villagers believed.

Medieval England was certain that "barking dogs and whistling girls would come to no good end." Even the dogs were puzzled by this association of ideas, although no doubt they must have been highly flattered in being bracketed with the whistling maidens of old England.

Ancient superstition accounted for such doubtful assertions as "a dog's bark is worse than its bite" and "barking dogs never bite." Modern pessimists were not so sure about what might happen when they stopped barking.

In nearly all countries at one time or another dogs have been considered expert weather prophets. People will still tell you that dogs foretell by their behavior approaching thunderstorms and other disturbances of nature. It was also a sure sign that colder weather was coming, they once said, when cats and dogs turned their backs to the kitchen stove or family hearth.

Medieval Europe at one time believed that dogs could tell the difference between the guilt and innocence of accused persons. This belief was so strong, in fact, that a person's guilt or innocence was frequently determined by a dog's attitude toward the accused.

Marco Polo described this sort of judicial trial in his extravagant tales of travel in Europe, the Middle East and the Orient. The same superstition found credence in Ethiopia where a snarling dog could condemn a person to death and a friendly disposed animal could gain freedom for the accused.



**FUZZY  
SAYS:**

**M**AYBE zoos aren't all they're cracked up to be. Sure, there are a few exceptions, but even those don't give animals a really fair deal. Animals were never meant to be penned up in close quarters. They should be allowed to roam free in their natural surroundings—the wild places, be they in Africa, India, South America, or anywhere else.

I heard someone say the other day that animals are better off in captivity, they are sure of their food, they are safe from their natural enemies. Well, maybe! But how would you feel if you were penned up—not allowed to go out to the movies or run down to the corner drug store when you wanted to? Remember now, you would be fed the best of food, you would be free from all worry, your health would be carefully looked after, you would no doubt live much longer than as though you had to buck life by yourself. Would you like that or would you prefer your God-given freedom and the ability to choose your own way of life?

Recently, in Evansville, Illinois, an elephant butted the zoo superintendent against the brick wall of her cage. The man died. H. Kilburn Rogers, City Park Board president, said he didn't consider the elephant vicious—"just mean." The zoo has no facilities for exercising her and she has been kept in her cage for 15 years.

Can that elephant be blamed for being restless? As for me, I speak for all my animal friends. Don't take us away from our own habitats to be cooped up or used to entertain people. It isn't merciful, nor kind, nor just.

# Campus Capers of "Pinky"

By LeNore Borst

IT takes a heap of friendliness to make a canine the mascot of 1,600 college students and professors, but Pinky, the big, black and tawny shepherd dog, at South Dakota State College, has managed to extend the paw of friendship to virtually everyone on the campus.

Apparently, Pinky has taken the initiative in meeting her countless acquaintances, for being born and raised in Austria, she understands little English. Although she is becoming accustomed to the language, she still responds more readily to such German commands as "plaetzen" and "sitzen" than to the not-so-emphatic "lie down" and "sit." Perhaps this is because she would rather hear a "brave Hund" than a less familiar "nice dog" from her owner, Colonel J. P. Blackshear.

But Pinky doesn't let such trivial matters as a few English words stand in the way of sociability. Each morning she unfailingly joins the ranks of the students in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps during their drill period. She cares little that her own "marching" is not so precise or dignified as that of her human companions, but shows marked disapproval by nipping at their heels when the boys get out of step.

Pinky has never known a time when



Photo by Duane C. Quail

Pinky shows what it is to be a "brave Hund."

she was not associated with military life. While Colonel Blackshear was with the occupational forces in Austria, she was allowed to attend all staff conferences, provided, of course, that she remained under the table. Both of her parents were well-trained war dogs for the German army. Her father, a full-blooded German shepherd, was highly decorated and her mother, a Black Belgian shepherd, also received numerous honors as a scout.

Pinky, herself, has never had any "formal education," although the Colonel once contemplated sending her to a dog academy in Vienna for a three weeks' course. But his daughter objected to parting with the dog, so Pinky spent the next three weeks under the watchful eye of her young mistress.

Although Pinky is definitely a sensitive but gregarious canine, her love for human beings does have its limits. As a puppy, she was often tormented by young boys, so that even today she is somewhat distrustful of them.

Probably the most hectic experience Pinky has ever had was her boat trip to the States. Normally an 85-pound dog, she fell subject to seasickness and landed

in New York with a 30-pound loss in weight. And if embarrassing moments are known in the dog world, she undoubtedly could cite one case she would just as soon forget. Traveling on a Long Island streamliner, Pinky refused to stay in the baggage car and made herself overly obnoxious by snapping at the baggageman. Since regulations forbade dogs in the coaches, Pinky ended up in the crowded club car, much to the dismay of attendant, porter, and patrons.

Her unmistakable aversion to being left alone was manifested one evening several weeks later when the Colonel and his family attended an officers' social function. The car seemed the most logical place to leave Pinky, but as it turned out, it was the most expensive. Four hours later they returned to find a lonesome, exhausted dog amidst shreds of car upholstery. The repair bill was listed under miscellaneous expenses with the figures "75" in the dollar column.

It's at times like this that Pinky hears a much disliked "schlect Hund." But the occasions are rare when she needs to be told she's a bad dog. And one would guess it was never to see her trail the Colonel wherever he goes.



## Animal Builders

By Frances Green

NATURE'S amphibious engineers, the beavers, seem to be making a comeback in New England. They have been placed in some areas by conservation workers, primarily to develop flood control at the sources of rivers. Once established, as their colony outgrows its home, some of them migrate short distances to build new colonies at sites of their own choosing. Few of us have been fortunate enough to see them at work, but many have marvelled at the quality and quantity of their projects; the trees felled and cut into usable sizes; logs and branches moved to the desired area; the dams and houses built where they wish. Using only tooth-tail-and-paw-power, the beavers duplicate, on a small scale, the dam building and water storage achievements of human engineers equipped with powerful machinery.

Deep in the woods, hikers frequently come upon these beaver construction projects. First, a low dam is built across some brook, or at the upper end of a swamp, for temporary use. Then, at intervals below this, they build a second and perhaps a third such dam, each a little higher than the preceding one, until the final one is big enough to control a sizable pond, deep enough to meet their needs. Each dam, in turn, helps develop local flood control, sometimes to the dismay of hikers whose trails are thus flooded, or farmers who would prefer their flood control projects at some more convenient spot than that the beavers have chosen.

Before completing their final dam, the beavers build the home they will occupy—a sturdy structure of mud and sticks which will stand above the water but will have its entrance below the surface of the pond. After their dam is finished and the pond fills with water, this house can be approached only by boat. In the winter, however, curious passers-by can cross the pond on the ice and snow, and so observe at close range the solidity and size of the beaver home. The accompanying illustration, taken in Windham County, Vermont, shows just such a scene.

## Mutual Regard

By Ruby Zagoren

OUR little girl, two years old, laid her cheek against the dog's ruddy body and chuckled. She put her little arms around the dog's neck and hugged her. "It's my doggie," she said, as she had said many other times.

My husband and I were delighted at this affectionate scene between child and dog. We weren't surprised, though, for we have seen this affection displayed on many other occasions.

It all started the day I brought our little girl home from the hospital. She was brand new, only eight days old. Lassie, a family pet, came to see what was in the bundle we handled so tenderly. Lassie sniffed the blankets and then we let the dog sniff the baby's hands and feet. My fastidious sister-in-law, watching the scene, cried out, "How can you!"

"I want them to be friends," I said simply. I had heard of many cases where dogs became jealous and had to leave the household upon the arrival of a new baby. Many had warned me that Lassie would be a threat to our child's life. I was determined that this wouldn't happen, that our affectionate dog would like the baby as much as she did us. And I also knew that to bring this happy state of affairs about, it was up to me.

To chase the dog away at the moment the new personality entered the house would be sure to create hard feelings, I figured out ahead of time. And I had read enough to know the dangers of a human—even a brand new one—catching any disease from a dog was too slight to worry about.

So, Lassie sniffed to her heart's content. Then, satisfied, she turned about and lay down in front of the fireplace. After that the dog showed little curiosity, though frequently when I'd cuddle the baby, Lassie was on hand to get a little of the love that was being handed out.

Our baby became used to the dog early in life and at six weeks started following the ruddy animal with her eyes. Little by little she learned to pat the dog and to look upon Lassie as a special friend. When the baby was restless, I merely called the dog and let Lassie put her paws on my lap. The child reached over and patted her. Then the dog stayed near the crib, and whenever the baby cried, cocked her ear and looked for me with anxious eyes.

Dog and child roll about on the floor together. Our little girl can sit beside Lassie, gently tugging at her fur or pushing her away from her pan of food. But Lassie shows no anger though there may be a hungry glint in her eye.

We parents are happy that our first child was able to have a dog for a pet and companion. She is not afraid of any animal and has a definite love for cats, our neighbor's goat, for cows and pigs, and for birds that come to our feeding tray. We feel that her early contact with Lassie is responsible. Now that she has a new brother, we are letting him be educated in the goodness of animals through association with Lassie, too. I might add that both our children are healthy ones, even in contact with whatever germs Lassie, as a normal dog, may have. We definitely believe that every child should have an animal companion.



I WAS putting a roof on the new horse shed when I noticed Mr. Blue and Pumpkin, the cat, leave the house and proceed side by side to the alfalfa patch. The alfalfa had been cut just that morning and the air was heavy with the sweet, cool smell of drying hay.

Theirs, I supposed, was merely an innocent tour of inspection, but knowing Pumpkin's proclivity for getting into trouble, I was aware that even in an open field, anything could happen. I was not too much surprised, therefore, when the stillness was shattered by a series of hair-raising screams.

Twisting to look, I saw that something, presumably a gopher, had fastened itself to Pumpkin's face and that no amount of head shaking or clawing could dislodge it. Although Mr. Blue was darting in and out, barking and snatching at the creature, he seemed to be of little help to his pal.

"I'm coming!" I called by way of encouragement and quickly descended the ladder. When I was within a dozen feet of the cat, Mr. Blue closed in, seized the animal by the back of the neck and wrenched it loose. Then, having nothing personal against the rodent, he released it so that it might find cover in its burrow.

One look at Pumpkin and my stomach did a triple somersault. Part of his lower jaw seemed to be hanging by a strip of skin. Expert medical care was what he needed and, picking him up, I raced to the car and stepped on the starter. There was a buzz, a sputter and then absolute silence.

Desperately, I looked at the cat. He was bleeding profusely and getting weaker by the minute. The nearest veterinarian was ten miles away and as yet, we had no telephone. Certainly I couldn't walk that distance, carrying a wounded cat and much as I dreaded the task, I knew that any care he got would have to come from me. Placing him on the breakfast table, I held ice cubes to his jaw, while Mr. Blue, sitting on a chair, looked on with grave concern.

At the end of five minutes the bleeding had stopped, but not so the swelling. By the size and shape of his head, one would never have guessed that it belonged to a cat. Gritting my teeth, I pressed the torn flesh in place and secured it with a bandage. A doctor would have used stitches to close the wound, but since my skill with a needle extends only to dishcloths, I dared not experiment with live flesh.

There was nothing more I could do, so placing Pumpkin on a blanket in a dark corner, I went back to my carpentering. Presently, I heard the back door open and, looking down, saw Mr. Blue dragging Pumpkin across the porch and down the steps.

"What in the world are you doing?" I cried. "Do you want to kill that cat?"

Without paying the least attention to me, he continued, half carrying, half dragging Pumpkin to a splash of sunlight on the lawn. From my position on the roof, the cat looked dead or unconscious.

"Why can't he mind his own business?" I said of Mr. Blue, as once again I descended the ladder. Lifting Pumpkin very gently, I placed him in the shade. His eyes were fixed, his breathing irregular, but to my surprise he struggled to his feet and staggered back to the sunny spot, lying with his head turned to the sun.

"Well, if that's the way you want it," I said, and went back to work.

All afternoon he lay there, turning occasionally to keep the healing rays directed on his jaws. From time to time, Mr. Blue would gently swipe the raw flesh with his tongue and

# "Mr. Blue" Uses His Head

*by Ina Louez Morris*



*Mr. Blue and Sheila watch over Pumpkin to keep him from getting into any more hair-raising scrapes.*

nudge the cat with his nose, presumably to let Pumpkin know he was not alone.

Sun and air worked wonders and within a remarkably short time, the wound was healed. But somewhere in the mending process, something went wrong. Perhaps it was my fumbling fingers when I bandaged the jaw, or maybe Mr. Blue's frequent massaging did the trick. At any rate, Pumpkin's face is now a little lopsided, giving him a sneering expression that is disconcerting to strangers.

Whether he's learned that even a gopher's burrow is his castle, only time will tell. At the present time, however, he's giving the alfalfa patch a wide berth.

## Canine Commuters

By Tom Magner

THE New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad should start a commuter service for dogs this year — and here's the reason:

Since 1954 opened, Connecticut canines—at least two of them—seem bent upon investigating the possibilities of rail transportation. This was dramatized for the second time, when it was revealed that an unchaperoned dog traveled by train from Waterbury to Bridgeport, a distance of 32 miles.

This time Bridgeport got into the act when Nickitoo, a brindle boxer owned by Dr. and Mrs. Evan J. Whalley, of Waterbury, decided she would like to visit Bridgeport.

After being let out of the Whalley home for a breath of air, Nickitoo found her way to the Waterbury railroad station and hopped aboard just like the human passengers. Though detected as being an unaccompanied traveler by two persons on the train, the big boxer managed to escape being taken into custody upon arrival at the station in Bridgeport.

Nickitoo roamed about town and finally landed at a bus stop where she became friends with Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Marshall. The Marshalls took her into their home and called Dr. Whalley in Waterbury, who came to Bridgeport and escorted the train-traveling Nickitoo home.

The state's earlier episode occurred New Year's Day in Hartford when another canine traveler journeyed in style from New Haven to Hartford via railroad.

## Pastor's Assistant

FATHER Walter W. Winrich, M. M., an American missionary in Mexico has the honor of having as his assistant none other than a dog. Father Winrich's parish is in Cozumel and, when I was there, I found his fox terrier, Voloso, sitting right up near the Gospel side of the altar all during Mass.

In that part of Mexico, deadly snakes abound and sometimes slither into people's houses. Voloso knows immediately if there is one near or in the priest's house and wastes no time in driving it away. He accompanies the missionary on his visits to his parishoners and invariably warns the priest as to the reception, good or ill, that awaits him. He's always right, too.

— William W. Buechel

## A Boy's First Dog

By Louise Darcy

*In all his small life  
He was never more proud,  
For, at last, he has one.*

*A dog's been allowed  
To become his companion  
By day and by night.*

*Believe me, his world  
Is completely all right!*

## Know Your Waxwings

By Frances P. Stone

THE cedar waxwing is a very interesting bird, and one worth observing if you happen to be a bird lover.

First of all, although it is a strange looking bird with its top crest, it would be hard to describe its marvelous beauty. What other bird is dressed in a robe of such delicate, silky texture? Its shades of velvety black, blending into slate and brown; its trimmings of yellow and its red appendages on the wings all combine to give this bird a distinct appearance of elegance all its own.

Can you imagine that nearly fifty years ago there was a bill framed in Vermont to allow people to shoot cedar waxwings? The bill passed the House, but in the Senate, the Senators were shown mounted specimens of the bird. That was enough to defeat the bill. Luckily, its beauty conquered before it was too late.

Do you believe birds have no idea of manners? Then how does it happen that waxwings, sitting close together on a limb, will pass a cherry along from one to another, right down the line? The birds are very fond of cherries.

I once observed a huge flock of them enjoying a grand party together in a rum cherry tree. My delight was unbounded to see several had participated of so many cherries that they were actually reeling! If the bird has no room for another cherry, he simply shows his generosity by passing it along to his neighbor. This fondness for cherries is the reason that this bird became popularly known as the "cherry bird."

Watch for him on your next bird walk. You will be amply rewarded for making his acquaintance.

## Legend of St. Sophia

THE Mosque of St. Sophia was built in Constantinople when Justinian was emperor, 527-565 A. D. Justinian boasted that he had outdone the Temple of Solomon.

When the Basilica was finished, he gave orders that an inscription in gigantic letters of gold should be affixed round the dome: "Justinian dedicates this church to the glory of God." On the day before the public opening, Justinian, with his court, went to view the beautiful building. Seating himself on the golden throne on one side of the altar, he raised his eyes and saw with astonishment the inscription: "Euphrasia dedicates this church to the glory of God."

He demanded an explanation of the monstrous error, but no one could account for it, and no one knew a woman by the name of Euphrasia. At length, a poor man, whose duty was to clean the marble floors, said that he knew a very poor woman by that name, almost bedridden, and that she lived in a little house under the walls of the church.

The Emperor ordered her brought before him immediately and inquired of her why her name should appear in the inscription instead of his own. At first, she said she had done nothing but, on being pressed further, admitted that she had scattered straw in front of the oxen and mules that had to draw the huge blocks of marble up the steep hill. Their groans and cries had touched her heart. As she scattered the straw, which she took from her own bed, on the street it seemed to grow and spread over all the road and from that time she heard no more moans from the oxen.

Then Justinian arose from his throne; tears were in his eyes and, stretching out his hand, on which glittered the consecrated ring, he said in a gentle voice: "Bear this woman hence with all care to the Palatium. See that her life is guarded as precious as my own." Raising his eyes to the inscription again, he spoke: "Let the name of Euphrasia stand. She is more worthy than I, for of her little she gave all she had."

*Legend of the masons who, it is said, mixed in their mortar attar of roses, the perfume of which remains to this day.*





Photo by Milton Werschkul

A duck family cavorts in the waters at Laurelhurst Park. They are among the downy wards fed by Mr. Vienne.

**A story of two kind men whose friends —**

# Waddle and Quack

**By Mabel C. Olson**

**W**HEN A. H. Vienne, a semi-retired railroad special agent, of Portland, Oregon, calls his friends, they come waddling as fast as they can, with much wing-flapping and loud quacking. For Mr. Vienne spends about \$250 a year on 20,000 loaves of day-old bread for twice-weekly feeding of the ducks in Westmoreland and Laurelhurst Parks. "It's my hobby, the enjoyment I get in life," he said.

Bill, a big white fellow, sometimes gets right into the car in his hurry for the handout. "Come, Wobbly," Mr. Vienne calls to a favorite, swimming in a secluded spot.

Varieties found at Laurelhurst Park are numerous. Westmoreland pool is an ideal haunt of waterfowl, with little brush-overhanging eddies. Ducks and geese cavort about like children, rising from one part of the lake to settle on another, striking the water hard and coasting several feet on their momentum. Swans ride placidly at one end.

There is a great cawing and quacking when seagulls, driven inland by storms at sea, move in on the food supply. Mr. Vienne tries to ward them off so that his little ducklings will have a chance at the food and not be endangered by the rushings of the gulls.

It's easy to see that he knows each of the about 200 ducks, some of which commute between the two parks about two miles apart. "See those two canvas-backs? They're new; that's why they're hanging back."

On Beaverton Road, six miles from the city, Artie and Gladys Sussman, also retired, even built the pond for the almost 700 waterfowl they feed daily. Their bill runs around \$50 a month for 1,200 loaves of returned bread, 400 pounds of cracked corn, crates of lettuce trimmings from farmers' markets, and overripe cantaloupes and melons. Mr. Sussman grumbles about what a nuisance they are, but he calls them "the kids."

Their waterfowl retreat started with

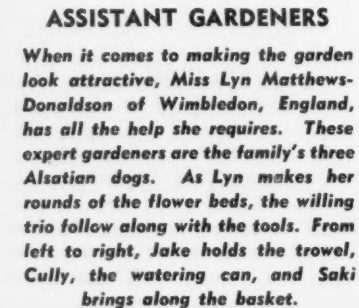
a newly hatched mallard duckling. To keep her from being lonesome, they hunted up four other domesticated mallards. In due time, they had a dozen. They made the pool at the lower end of the lawn and left the rest of their three acres in a natural wooded state for the ducks' enjoyment.

"Wild ducks on their flight paused for a handout and spread the news," Mrs. Sussman said. "At first we bought grain in five-pound bags; now we get 100-pound sacks."

"Each duck is different. There's the Old Lady—she became paralyzed while nesting and had to crawl about on her wings. We fed her vitamin E spread on bread. Now she swims and flies with the rest and never misses a meal."

They worried about the danger to their feathered friends from hunters. Now they need have no fear, for the Oregon State Game Commission made it an official bird sanctuary.

# ANIMALS



and Jolly Santa Claus  
Pollard, director of  
Angell Memorial Hos-  
pital, presented the  
"Out of the Head-  
lines" animals.  
under the di-  
rector's service  
Mrs. Gordon E.  
Mrs. John  
A. Beath, Mrs. H.  
Mrs. Malcolm Bis-  
Bradbury, Mrs.  
Mrs. E.  
that these unfortunate creatures  
left behind to forage for them-  
selves, will ultimately starve or be-  
come diseased as a result of such  
unkind and inconsiderate treat-  
ment.  
It is true that children do not in-  
tentionally hurt animals. It also is  
true that the average dog or kitten  
seems to realize that children are  
different from adults.  
The Christmas pet-giving advice  
comes from Dr. Eric H. Hansen,  
president of the Massachusetts So-  
ciety for the Prevention of Cruelty  
to Animals.  
attention." stated Dr. Hansen.  
"According to the head of the  
department of pathology of our  
hospital, this country has the most  
poisonous mammals, and are liable to prove  
fatal to dogs, cats, wild birds,  
mammals, and even children.  
Furthermore, detection of these  
poisons is extremely difficult, or  
impossible."  
The Christmas pet-giving advice  
comes from Dr. Eric H. Hansen,  
president of the Massachusetts So-  
ciety for the Prevention of Cruelty  
to Animals.  
the Horses' Christmas, accord-  
ing to an announcement made by Dr.  
Eric H. Hansen, president. Even  
with the marked increase in the  
number of automobiles today, there  
are still horses in harness in  
this country.  
The city has arranged to  
have trucks, loaded with oats,  
carrots, and apples, move around  
the city Friday, Dec. 24, where  
horses are to be found in great  
number. Coffee...



### SOUTHERN COMFORT

People all over the world like animals and are kind to them, but there are not many who would take the trouble and give the thought to the problem of animal comfort that is evidenced in this picture. Dogs and cats get real service from this southern pet lover.

Photo by Harry J. Miller



### FRIEND IN NEED

Police Sgt. C. Doyle Wenner of Auburn, N. Y., gives a helping hand to a very thirsty young puppy. The dog spotted a make-shift drinking fountain attached to a hydrant and tried to get a drink, but without success. Sgt. Wenner sized up the situation and gave a helping hand. After drinking his fill, the puppy hurried away to join his friends.

Auburn Citizen-Advertiser Photo



## Bill of Rights

By Tom Farley

**W**E are all justly proud of our Bill of Rights, but we would like to suggest that those same fundamentals apply to our dogs, too. After all, the dog in his wild state was able to live a perfectly normal, healthy life until man made civilization so complex that the canine could no longer depend on instinct to guide him.

For instance, a dog finds a tempting bedroom slipper—it makes a delightful sound when being torn apart. Instinct tells him to chew it and, if he hasn't been properly trained, he'll do just that.

The fundamental rights to which a dog is entitled can be explained quickly under the headings of Housing, Feeding, Medical Attention and Training.

**Housing:** Your dog should be provided with a bed that is his alone. It needn't be fancy or elaborate but it should be placed in a spot that is never cold or damp. The bed should be regarded as a place to which he can go when he wants to get away from the perplexities of his master's world.

**Feeding:** Your dog should be fed nourishing, well-balanced meals on a set time schedule and he should be provided with a plentiful supply of fresh drinking water. In so far as possible, you should make certain that he doesn't eat anything that might harm him.

**Medical Attention:** You should consult your local veterinarian as soon as you become a dog owner. He'll give you sound advice about how to safeguard your dog's health.

**Training:** Your dog should be taught the basic commands and his instructions should be conducted in such a manner that he will have a clear idea of what's right and what's wrong. If he disobeys a command and you are certain that he knows better then you should punish him. Never beat him, however, and never punish him while angry.

Every dog possesses all the capabilities for obedience and, mutt or champion, he can be developed into a fine, useful dependable animal. The dumbest dog that ever chewed a slipper can be trained into a good pet and the smartest of pedigreed pups can be a failure without proper training. It all depends on you!

## My Friend, "Corky"

By Ed Prewitt

**W**HEN I was a boy my mother gave me everything within her power she thought good for me—except a dog.

Her reason for refusing me a dog was because she loved to grow flowers and she thought a dog might be destructive to her flower beds. So, my mother and I usually settled on a cat for my pet.

It was not until I had reached middle age that I owned my first dog, Corky, who was a mongrel with a mixture of spitz, terrier and possibly other breeds in his pedigree.

Dogs have their own ways of winning human hearts and it wasn't long before the little white and tan mutt became an important and loved member of our home. Even though we paid only two dollars for Corky, my wife and I would not have sold him for any price.

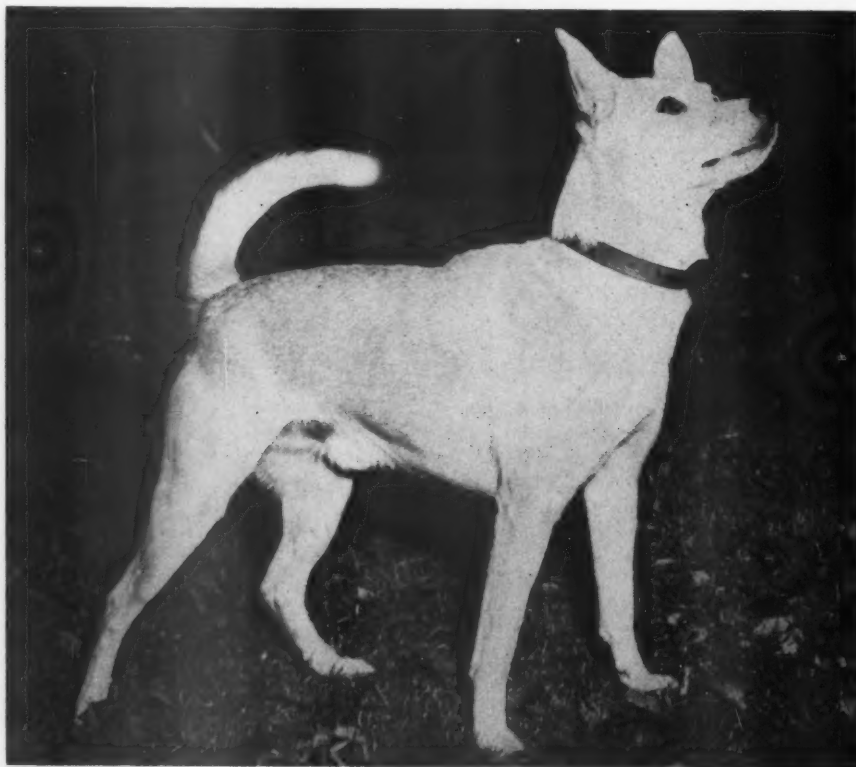
During his lifetime he did many smart things. For instance, a few years ago I had my arm fractured in several places. At the time of the accident, Corky was riding in the car with me. A lady, making a timely appearance, took us in her car to the doctor in town. After closing

the windows and doors, except for needed ventilation, our dog was left in the lady's car while, my wife, who had been notified of the accident and had come immediately, hurried me into the doctor's office.

A few minutes later we were surprised to see Corky slip through the door of the operating room, quickly come over to me and start licking my injured arm. We discovered afterwards that he had escaped from the car by breaking a wing window, then watched for his chance to get through two doors leading to the operating room as they were opened by the doctor and departing patients.

Corky had been left in strange cars many times before this incident happened and he had always remained quiet and contented while in them. I shall always believe that his love and devotion for his master made him forget his own safety in order to help me in the only way he knew.

Maybe God created dogs to help teach people His meaning of sincere love, unselfish devotion and unchanging loyalty.





Darlene and Blackie

## Cat Knows Cars

By Weldon D. Woodson

MRS. ARELENE PHILLIPS, of Durand, Michigan, claims that her little daughter, Darlene, and the family's pet Persian cat, Blackie, have identical I. Q's. when it comes to detecting the makes of cars.

At an early age, Darlene learned to tell by the sound of the motor when her daddy, Edward Phillips, drove in the driveway with a Ford pickup truck. Darlene can readily differentiate between the purr of the Ford motor and that of "daddy's" own Chevrolet, or the Pontiac her Grandpa Edgar Shelly drives.

Most astonishing, however, was that the Phillips' cat Blackie, shortly after it was acquired as a kitten, showed signs of distinguishing one car from another. When the pickup arrives, he dashes for his feed bowl, for with the Phillips' eating their own mid-day meal, he is given his dish of cat food. On the other hand, at the sound of the Chevrolet, he runs towards the front of the house, raises himself up and puts his forepaws against the door. The Chevrolet's emergence from the garage means that the Phillips are going for a ride and on such trips their inseparable companion is Blackie.

Finally, when Grandpa Edgar Shelly turns his Pontiac into the driveway, Blackie leaps upon a corner end of the sofa. There he waits patiently for Mr. Shelly, who sits himself down beside the cat and gently strokes Blackie's fur as granddaughter Darlene recites the day's happenings to him.

## Actions Speak Louder

By Myrtle C. Gillespie

WE pampered and babied Whiskers, our little fox terrier, when he came home from the hospital after having been run over by a truck. He wore a splint and limped for a long time.

He had been thoroughly cured for a year, when two little Persian kittens joined our household. Of course, we played with the kittens a lot, but still gave Whiskers his full share of attention.

He didn't think so, though. We didn't realize the depth of his reasoning ability until one morning he came limping into the room. There was absolutely nothing the matter with his leg, because the moment we let him out the door he was up and away. But when he came into the house, he pretended to limp again. We played right along with him, babied him, petted him, showered him with attention.

This kept up for several days until we had convinced him he came first. Then he learned to love the kittens as much as we did and the sore leg and the limp disappeared for good.

## Canine Psychology

By Carl C. Paxton

A STRUGGLING young artist had painted the portrait of a wealthy woman from Boston, who refused to accept it because she said her little dog didn't recognize her likeness. Not wishing to risk the grave possibility of a lawsuit, the artist pondered a few days, then wrote the woman suggesting he had made certain subtle changes in the portrait and he now felt sure the poodle would recognize (and love) the result. Shortly before the woman was to arrive, the artist rubbed bacon over the face of the portrait.

The woman inspected the portrait critically, holding her poodle on the leash. "See, he still doesn't recognize me," she pouted.

"But, madame," pleaded the artist, "dogs are near-sighted. Hold the little darling closer to the picture."

She held the dog up, he sniffed the aroma of bacon and made frantic efforts to kiss the painted image of his mistress. "See, he adores your likeness," commented the painter, whose troubles were over and whose sale of a portrait was assured.

## "Sandy" Saves the Day

By Winifred W. Deering

SANDY is a miniature schnauzer and a mighty useful little fellow to have around the house. He belongs to little ten-year-old Frank Kemp, of Catonsville, Maryland.

To give you just one example of how useful Sandy can be let us take one evening, just at dusk, when Frank lost his glasses. He hunted the whole yard over, inch by inch, while Sandy watched him alertly. Finally, Frank gave up the search, almost in tears over his bad luck and because Sandy apparently was so eager to comfort him and be of assistance, Frank tearfully explained to him that he was trying to find those contraptions he wore on his face so he could see, and told Sandy to "find them for me."

Evidently Sandy understood, for he took off immediately, fairly quivering in his earnestness. He searched diligently among the fallen leaves, but Frank soon forgot about him and went on about something else. It wasn't long, however, before he noticed Sandy sitting before him, his eyes sparkling with intelligence and pleasure and with every whisker aglow.

He was holding the glasses carefully in his mouth. He had persisted in his search until he found them and he was so happy that he could serve his adored little master. Frank's father commented to me: "We do love that schnauzer and I do mean *do!* I think we all know what he means.

Yes, indeed! You see, Sandy, besides being very useful at times is a very lovable pet and affords his young master companionship beyond compare.





A group of 4-H Club members with one gift cow.

## Youth and Livestock

By John C. Macfarlane

THE fact that New England meat losses amounted to about 4 million dollars last year has shocked many of us into an awareness of the need for more humane handling of these valuable animal friends. To bring about a more kindly attitude toward livestock, we are working constantly with the young people who are interested in farming, our 4-H Clubs and our Future Farmers of America.

These young students are encouraged to make survey tours of our New England stock yards and to make "bruise tours" of our packing plants to view the carcasses of slaughtered food animals and to determine the cause of all bruises found.

To show our faith in these young people, we recently distributed part of an estate which was left our Society. To be disposed of were two old horses, six cows and a calf. The horses were taken to our Nevins Farm for Horses to spend the rest of their lives in peace.

The cows and the calf were given to 4-H Club members, picked for their kindness and their achievements. Each boy and girl selected was asked to pledge that when the animals were too old to keep, the Society would be notified. We feel that such a course would please our benefactor, for we know these animals will be kindly treated.

We feel that such projects among the many undertaken by our Livestock Conservation Department are most worthy, but to continue them we need financial support. If you would like to feel that you are a part of our New England-wide program to reduce cruelty to farm animals, won't you please send your contributions to the Livestock Conservation Department, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

# Our Humane Education Day

By Sixth-Grade Pupils of the Pottenger School

ON Tuesday, November 10, 1953, at ten o'clock at the new Mary O. Pottenger School, in Springfield, Massachusetts, there were many people gathered in the beautiful gymnasium. There were children, parents, special guests and one tiny Pomeranian dog named "Buttons."

How did this come to happen? Well, several weeks before, the children had started planning to have a program during Education Week. Miss Davison, the principal, found that Mrs. Roy K. Dykstra, of Springfield, would bring her obedience trained dog, Buttons, to

the child on the mountains, or a child born of foreign parents."

Marilyn's speech was nice, too. She said, "I think we all have a certain obligation toward the people who help make today's education possible."

Buttons was by no means lonesome. A stranger to the Mary O. Pottenger School might have thought he was in a pet shop as he walked from room to room. The children had cooperated magnificently in following the plan to have pets in the different rooms. In rooms 4, 8, 9, 11 and the kindergarten, there were turtles. In room 5A there was a goat, a golden pheasant and a guinea hen. In room 4A a whole family of rabbits was to be found. Room 7 had guppies. In room 1 there was a goldfish. A mother hen and her nine chicks were living in room 6. In room 5 there was a clever parakeet, room 3 had a hamster, and there was another rabbit in room 10.

The children drew pictures of their pets and put them on the doors of their rooms. When guests came to visit the rooms they could tell what to expect inside from the pictures on the doors. In many rooms, certain children greeted the guests and told them interesting things about their pets.

The children felt that they learned many things from this week's program. Some pupils learned to write letters to guests, others learned where certain animals come from and what some animals eat. Some learned how to be hostesses. They also learned to be kind to animals and how to speak in front of a large group. Everyone had a happy day.



Admiring pupils and the goat from Room 5A.

school. So that Buttons might feel at home, each room planned to have at least one pet here for the week.

Buttons was very cute. He was trained very well. The trick that some people thought was the hardest was done with several gloves, one of which was Mrs. Dykstra's. When Buttons was not looking, she placed the gloves on the floor. Then she told Buttons to find her glove. Buttons went to the gloves and picked up Mrs. Dykstra's and dropped it at her feet. Buttons showed us many surprising things that a well-trained dog can do. Everyone was very pleased with the program.

The two children who spoke were Marilyn Codraro and William Spezeski. In his speech, William said, "The public schools give everybody an equal chance to get a good education; the poor child,



Conrad Carpenter, a pupil, shows Mr. Pollard, our Director of Education, and Miss Dorothea Clark, one of our teachers, a pet rabbit.



World-wide honors for Dr. Hansen on his —

## 30th Anniversary in Humane Work



**H**IGH honors were bestowed February 11 on Dr. Eric H. Hansen (left, above), President of our Massachusetts SPCA, which operates the famous Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, when he completed thirty years of work in the humane movement.

Mr. William H. Potter, Jr., Treasurer and Director of the Society and Executive Vice-President of the First Boston Corporation, is shown awarding the Society's Gold Medal to Dr. Hansen on the occasion.

Additional honors were conferred upon our President by the American SPCA, of New York City, where he started his career in 1924, which presented Dr. Hansen with its Medal of Honor and a beautiful sterling silver cigarette box, suitably engraved. The Pennsylvania SPCA, of Philadelphia, awarded him its gold Mifflin Medal.

Overseas humane organizations who presented Dr. Hansen with medals and citations include the following: the Royal SPCA, of London, England; the Scottish SPCA, of Edinburgh, Scotland;

the Turkish SPCA, of Istanbul, Turkey; the Japanese SPCA, of Tokyo, Japan; the German SPCA, of Frankfurt, Germany; the World Federation for the Protection

of Animals, of The Netherlands; and the SPCA in Fez, Morocco, an organization wholly supported by American contributions.

Still another honor coincided with his anniversary! In the photograph below, Dr. Hansen (left) receives his "Fido" (dogdom's equivalent of Hollywood's Oscar) as *Humane Worker of the Year*, from Harry Miller, Director of the Gaines Dog Research Center, at ceremonies at the New York Athletic Club. Dr. Hansen was voted the honor in a nation-wide poll conducted by the Center, and was awarded the "Fido" for his "thirty years of unrelenting and fruitful service in the interests of better treatment and care of animals. Dr. Hansen is President of the Massachusetts SPCA, which maintains the world-famous Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, of the American Humane Education Society, and has long been a leader in other humane organizations."



### We Need All the Old Blankets and Sheets You Can Find

**W**E CERTAINLY DO! Our supply of old blankets and sheets, used for bedding in the Hospital cages, is nearly exhausted. We *urgently need* large quantities of discarded wool and cotton cloth, such as may be stored away in your trunks or closets and forgotten.

We use enormous amounts of bedding

every week. Some of it can be laundered and re-used, but much bedding must be burned, especially after use in wards where highly contagious diseases, such as distemper, are treated. To provide maximum care and comfort for our 450 patients, we must have help *immediately and often*.

Do YOU have discarded material of this kind that you can spare? We sincerely hope you will send all you can find to our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Every package will be most gratefully received and promptly acknowledged.

# CHILDREN'S



## Draw Your Own Easter Rabbit

By Alfred I. Tooke

### Step One

An Easter rabbit needs a "3"  
That's falling down, just so.



### Step Two

Then, I don't need to tell you  
Where nose and feet should go.



### Step Three

He needs an eye, and two long ears  
That are not hard to fit on.



### Step Four

And last, a little fluffy tail,  
And a patch of grass to sit on.



## Judy's Pets

By Judith Selby (11)

SKIMPER and Skamper are the names of the two kittens I have. They are gray and white, and are male and female. They are perfectly matched except that the male (Skamper) is bigger.

I am eleven and a half years old and I started getting your magazine in October, 1953. I think it is a very good magazine and I read it through from cover to cover.

## A Winter's Tale

By Donna Gonsalves (9)

ONE winter night it was very cold and the ground was covered with snow. My rabbit was snowed in. I put on my coat and went out and got my pet rabbit.

When I got back with the rabbit in my arms, I put him on a warm blanket. Then I got a box and an old blanket. I put the box behind the stove.

The next day the sun was shining, so I shoveled the snow away from his cage and put my pet back inside his cage. He wrinkled his nose as if to say, "Thank you very much."

## Make-a-Rhyme

By Marianne Ketchum

His nest is like a basket hung  
Where well protected are his young;  
Part orange and the rest like coal,  
He is the Baltimore .....

This small bird's nest is on the ground  
So well concealed, 'tis seldom found;  
He even stays when there is snow,  
He is our Slate-Colored .....

His body's brown, his wings are gray,  
He's fond of cherries, so they say;  
What looks like wax upon his wing  
Proclaims him a Cedar .....

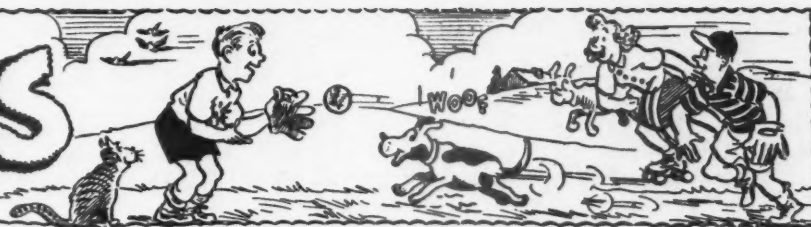
ANSWERS: Oriole, Junco, Waxwing.



Photo by Warren W. McSpadden

Hard-Working Joey likes to read before dinner,  
But wistful-eyed Butch feels he's fast growing thinner.

# PAGES



## Found: a True Friend

By Joseph Lema (13)

ONE Sunday afternoon, while I was walking through the woods, I heard a cry from a dog. As I walked, the sound became louder and louder.

Soon I reached the place where the dog was. He was caught in a trap. When I took him out I looked him over and found that his leg was broken. He was in great pain. When I tried to pick him up, he would yell.

Then I said to myself, "If I could get a piece of wood, I could use my handkerchief to splint the leg until I got him to town and to a doctor." After I had splinted his leg, I started out for town, carrying him in my arms. It was hard, carrying him through soft sand, but finally I reached town and took him to a doctor.

After his leg was fixed, I took him home where I gave him something to eat. I asked my mother if I could keep him until he was better, and she said "Yes." A couple of weeks passed; his leg was better and he could walk on it, so every day I took him on a little walk to exercise the leg.

One day after I had taken him for a walk, my mother said, "Don't you think you should let him go find his master now?"

Sadly I said, "I suppose so." So after I gave him something to eat I put him outdoors. When I went to bed that night I heard a scratching on the door. When I opened the door it was the dog. He wouldn't leave my doorstep, so I took him in the house and took him to bed with me.

The next morning, when I got up, my mother asked me how he got in. So I told her. Then I decided to ask her if I could keep him. When I did, she said, "Yes," and I was the happiest person on earth.

Now he is always with me, everywhere I go. He is my very best friend.

## A Peculiar Puss

By Helen Casel (12)

*I know a little pussy cat  
So furry and so grey;  
She sits upon a little branch  
A-sittin' there to stay.*

*She's just like a powder puff  
So fluffy and so round;  
She isn't like an alley cat,  
She never makes a sound.*

*She doesn't have a bed of white,  
She doesn't have a pillow;  
'Cause this puss I'm talking of  
Is just a pussy willow.*

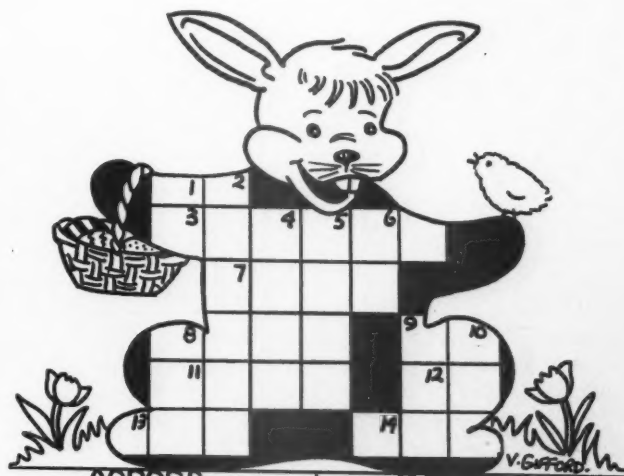
## Heigh-ho! Come to the FAIR!

We mean **ANIMAL FAIR**, of course, our Friday night TV show, where, with John Macfarlane as host, appear many of his fascinating friends of the animal world. You'll enjoy meeting "Mr. Mac's" weekly visitors and hearing the animal stories and facts he has to tell.

The meeting-place is Channel 4, WBZ-TV, and the time is 6 P. M. every Friday.

Won't YOU be there?

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLE: Across—1. March, 5. Ira, 6. eh, 7. kite, 9. no, 10. nil, 12. turtle. Down—1. mi, 2. ark, 3. rain, 4. heel, 8. till, 9. nit, 11. or.



ACROSS

DOWN

1. MISTER - ABBY.  
3. RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

7.



8. CAPABLE.  
9. FORM OF VERB "TO BE".  
11. TO HEAP UP.  
12. EITHER.  
13. TO WAGER.

14.



1. MYSELF.

2.

4. BOTTOM PART OF A WINDOW.

5.



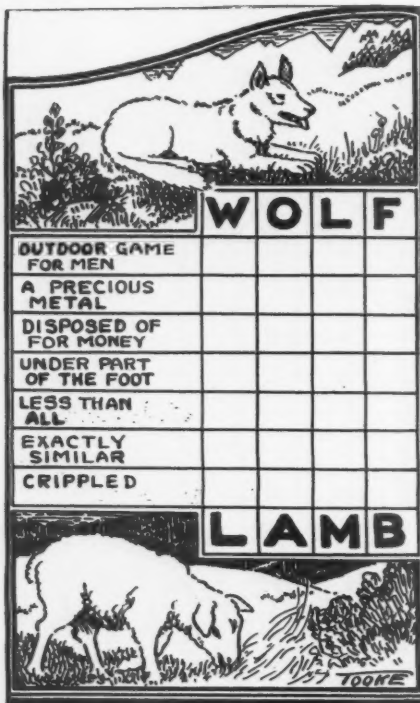
6. SHORT FOR "EDWARD".  
8. TO MIMIC.  
9. LARGE SNAKE.  
10. TO SIN.

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month



## Strange Change, or April Fool!

By Alfred I. Tooke



IT was once foretold that someday the wolf and the lamb shall feed together, but it is possible to change one to the other in eight steps, and this is no April Foolishness. The trick is to make a new word at each step, by changing just one letter. Can you do it? The definitions of each new word are given at the left of the drawing as clues, if you need them, and below, printed upside down, are the answers so you can check your solution.

ANSWERS: wolf, gold, sold, sole, some, same, lame, lamb.

## Life Insurance for Dogs

By Claire R. Puneky

COULD your dog pass a physical examination?

If so, he is eligible for dog insurance. But, unlike his human master, he can secure life insurance only if he is a canine aristocrat and has his papers to prove it.

Among the coverages of the policy are death or destruction of the dog caused by lightning, fire, earthquake, flood, wind storm, riot, explosion, civil commotion and collision. Also included are the loss of, or damage to, the dog occasioned by

its theft while being exhibited, provided it was in the care of an attendant, and through burglary of the insured's premises.

So goes the life insurance of the pedigreed canine. However, the *hoi polloi* of dogdom isn't entirely left out. There is a policy a dog's master can take out—and it applies to common and proper dogs—to cover injuries and appease the hurt feelings of anyone the dog might see fit to bite.

## Friendship

By John L. Holden

MANY strange companionships take place between creatures of the animal kingdom. Dogs and cats, traditional enemies, have become close friends. Cats and canaries, the hunter and the hunted, have been known to be pals. These friendships are based on mutual trust and sometimes sincere affection.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McDowell of Round Lake, Michigan, have two pets that formed a most unusual attachment for each other. Porky, a small pig, and Lassie, a six-month-old collie, are always together. Gentle Lassie, who looks much like her movie namesake, took immediate charge of Porky, who had been abandoned by her mother. They are such close friends that they even swim together!

Porky, being the runt of a litter, found life a hardship from the beginning. Her mother ignored her, and bigger brothers and sisters bullied her at feeding time. Then she met Lassie and Lassie's masters, who live on the lake shore.

The cynical Porky, having been twice adopted and abandoned, realizes that at last she has found a true friend. She follows her canine pal about closely and even insists on sleeping with Lassie.

Like children, they romp and play all day long, taking swims together or playing hide-and-seek in the nearby woods. They even ran away together once, but Mrs. McDowell found the errant pair splashing about in a lake half a mile from home.

The closest the two come to having arguments is at feeding time. Porky, true to her ancestral traits, refuses to be a modest guest. To make matters worse, Lassie forgets to be a lady and barks at

her playmate in abusive tones. Soon, however, when the meal is finished, they kiss and make up. Off they scamper into the woods or under the lakeshore cottage.

If Mr. McDowell is doing something about the house, Lassie, attracted by the noise, will come tearing around the corner of the house and slide to an abrupt halt. Without fail, the slower Porky will soon show up.

Porky even mimics Lassie! When Lassie barks, the porker will bring forth an odd sounding grunt. If Lassie lies in the shade, Porky will lie down also, with her head resting on her outstretched forelegs, dog style.

The only thing that worries the McDowells is when Lassie, in turn, tries to mimic Porky as she roots in the ground for tender plants. Since the McDowells have recently started to landscape their property, this habit promises to become annoying in the near future. It may mean that Porky will have to go, and they are concerned how Lassie will react to her absence.

## Spring Visitor

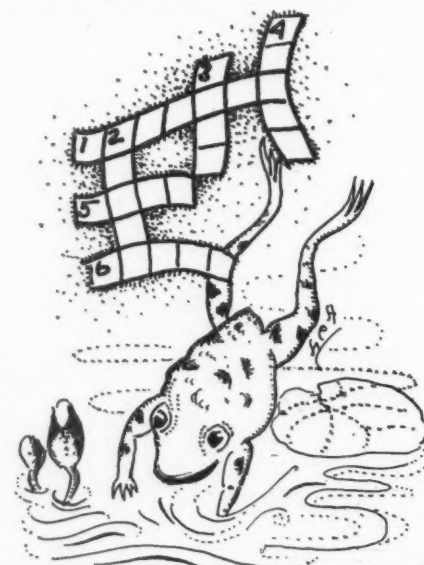
### Crossword Puzzle

By Agnes Choute Wanson

Across

Down

1. baby frog
2. fourth month
3. his home
4. his color
5. grown-up polliwog
6. his favorite food



ANSWERS: Across—1. tadpole, 5. frog, 6. flies. Down—2. April, 3. pond, 4. green.

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**BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK**

**3-4-4**

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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

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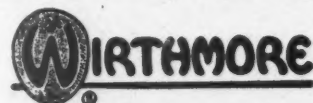
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